DONT CALL ME A BEAUTY!

Pouts Pauline Frederick

"Beauty Only Skin Deep; Ugliness Goes to the Bone"
—Arthur Stringer.

"IT IS good to be ugly," says Arthur Stringer, the novelist. "If I had a small daughter whose face was long and narrow, suggesting the horse; or short and broad, suggesting the owl; if her eyes were out of plumb and her nose crooked and her mouth inclined to monopolize her face I would give her this sincere counsel: 'My daughter, be glad you are ugly, for you will get what you want and keep what you get, and that is life as we all want it to be.'

"It is the imperfect that really appeals to man. He cherishes the Venus with the lost arms. There is a chill in both the interior and exterior of beauty. It is a refrigerator. Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone. Ugliness is an aid to both love and success. Who is so great as Bernhardt, and who so ugly and of so compelling fascination?"

PAULINE FREDERICK.

Hardest Reputation in the World to Live Down Is the Reputation of Being a Beauty—Even Her Husband Couldn't Forget It.

BY PAULINE FREDERICK.

PLEASE, please, whatever you say of me, whatever you think of me, please, oh please, do not call me a beauty!

I don't mind if you call me a great artist. I don't mind if you refer to me as the Forty-second Street Duse, or the Sarah Bernhardt of America, but if you have any regard whatever for my feelings I beg of you not to refer to me as a beautiful woman.

And why? I will tell you why. I have spent ten of the best years of my life trying to become a real artist of the stage. I have studied late and long, I have observed life and people to the best of my ability, I have observed actors and actresses in an endeavor to perfect myself in every branch and angle of my art.

And now after I have done this and go upon the stage in a part everybody forgets the part and how I am playing it and all I hear is "What a beauty Pauline Frederick is!"

Like every other woman in the world I want to be as attractive as nature will let me. I am glad I have good looks just as every woman is glad when she has good looks. But you can't realize how keenly disappointed I am when valuable space in the newspapers is devoted to a description of my good looks instead of to comment upon my work.

Of course I would not deny that beauty is an asset and a very great asset to a person who intends to embark upon a stage career. But beauty without anything else to go with it is useless, worthless. There are many girls with good looks who seek a place on the stage and think that their good looks are going to carry them to success. They stick in one place, haven't the sense to realize why they get no farther, and then berate the stage because it doesn't know ability when it sees it?

Good looks are helpful to success but they are only one of the things and not by any means the most important one that brings success. Many of the greatest actresses in the world possessed little real beauty.

Surely you can think of no great actress who possessed or possesses the beauty which is commonly described as being composed of "regular features, a perfect complexion, a Venus-like figure, soulful eyes, a wealth of wavy tresses" and all the other points that go in such the "ideal classification"?

Being women, our great actresses would give much to possess such beauty, but they are great artists in spite of the absence of these distinguishing marks. Duse, Bernhardt, Fiske—do they come under the classification of great stage artists and does any one of them fit into the "ideal classification?"

The hardest reputation in the world to live down is the reputation of beauty—especially for one who aspires to real fame rather than a passing reputation. You can live down a reputation for wickedness, for cruelty, for ugliness, but once you have become noted as a beautiful woman you can no more get away from it than you can get away from your conscience. Once a beauty always a beauty. And once a beauty you can never be considered from any other standpoint.

Whenever my manager sends me to a photographer I feel like making faces at the camera, because I know the operator is trying his best to get a "good picture," by which he means the sort of picture that the press agent can most readily land on the beauty page of a newspaper.

Instead of expressing any character or inward purpose this sort of picture must be sweet and simpering. It must not be so beautiful as it must be silly in its affectation. The whole thing is quite disgusting to me.

The most delightful experience of my life occurred in Boston a couple of years ago. I had promised to appear at a very small charity entertainment. I did not announce what my contribution to the program would be. I simply said I would be on hand at a certain hour.

All of the announcements as usual and to my chagrin spoke of the "beautiful Miss Frederick" as one of the entertainers. When I arrived at the big hotel where the affair was to be held I couldn't get to the assembly room until I swore that I was the maid of a certain famous actress who I knew was taking part that day.

I finally reached the stage just as the manager was apologizing for my absence and when he saw me walk down to the footlights he almost fainted. I didn't wait for an introduction but fairly pushing him into the wings, I returned to the center of the stage and began a recitation that soon had the audience bowling with merriment.

For an encore I gave a serious recitation that brought tears to the eyes of many—and they weren't tears of laughter either. I thought they would never let me go but finally I reached the wings and removing my wig, a clumsy travel stained ulster and as much of my make-up as possible, I transformed myself from an awkward Swedish servant girl to the "Beautiful Pauline Frederick."

I left the gasping stage manager to announce my identity to the audience while I fled from the place. The applause that I received that day was sweeter on my ears than any I have received since. I appreciated it because it was given to me for my ability as an actress and not because I was the "beautiful Pauline Frederick."

I very often feel that one of the reasons my marriage was not a success was that my husband, Frank M. Andrews, of New York, considered me as a beautiful woman and perhaps little else. I thought my marriage was going to be a door to a career. But my husband's idea of it was a wall which should be built around a woman.

I had made 10,000 people a week laugh. I had made 10,000 people a week cry. And yet I was asked to give up all this to be a chatelaine in the apartment of a busy architect, intent upon his own devices and satisfied that I would appear across the dinner table from him every night.

My husband was a famous architect—a millionaire architect. He was the architect of the Hotel McAlpin, the new Equitable building and a score of other skyscrapers. He was a business and social associate of Charles P. Taft.

Now, he was living a full, big man's life. He was coming into contact with the world every minute of his time and with men and women of the world. Imagine what it would have meant to him if I had asked him to forsake it all and to pay attention to only me.

Imagine what it would mean to a man who has directed the political movements of his community to be compelled to drop politics at the behest of a wife who believed that politics was good for everybody but her husband.

That was just the position I was in. Everything I did my husband thought was all right—except for me. He wanted me to give up every real interest in life and be just a well dressed doll in his home. He wanted me to be a society woman.

Imagine me trying to play bridge, bridge all day long with women who never had a real idea in all their lives. We didn't live in Brooklyn, you know, where bridge is perhaps the last refuge of a lonely mind.

No people on earth so love a home as stage folk. They realize what a lovely thing it is to have a clean, healthy, wholesome atmosphere to go to after emerging from the personality of some stage character. I believe in the republic of the home and the democracy of the fireside.

Stage women when they marry are no different from other women. But the excitement and exhilaration of success, of their own mental activities, makes impossible a do-nothing life such as a society girl or woman who lives by business routine enjoys.

Talking by Gestures

TO the ordinary American the gestures and signs made by the Spaniards in the course of their conversation appear to be very singular; but to those who are conversing these gestures add an additional emphasis. C. Bogne Luffman, in "Quiet Days in Spain," says:

"Rubbing the thumb on the forefinger, as if sprinkling salt, means robbery, jobbery, or something to do with money. The forefinger wagged in front of the face means a decided negative. All the fingers pinched up and jerked towards the mouth or throat means an invitation to dine, or that food is abundant or good, or would be welcome, or that one should hurry and eat more. It is a sign of want, a boast of plenty, and of hospitality, and always reveals more of human character than any words.

"The hand wide open and the little finger and thumb wide apart bears a rough resemblance to the cantara—drinking pitcher. Held in this manner and tipped towards the mouth, the hands suggest a drink or that plenty of wine is about. The wide-open and trembling hand, held transversely to the body, means disgust, indignation, or a plea for fairness. The sudden clapping of the hands against the hips means, 'I give it up,' 'Enough,' 'It is fate,' 'I drink your health in vinegar.' Pressing down the little finger with the thumb of the other hand is equal to 'Here you have the truth in its essence,' or 'Accept it from me.' The arms curved over the head and the fingers snapped is an unmistakable sign of joy or happiness, as at sudden good news, or at a feast, or merrymaking. Stiffening the arm and jerking a thumb towards a shoulder implies strength for any task or scheme."

Cossacks' Superstitions.

COSSACKS cannot be got to surrender. They have martial superstitions about keeping their horses and lances, preferring death to abandoning either. Before the Grand Duke Nicholas' armies reached the Warthe at Kolo the Cossack Nikita Tchumakoff, with ten comrades, was captured through falling into an ambuscade. Three days later Tchumakoff turned up with two bullets through his clothes and one through his thigh. He was horseless, but carried his long lance. Tchumakoff, without horse or weapons, had crept during darkness from the tent in which he slept. He got safely past the German sentries. Then he reflected that it was a shame for a Cossack to lose his horse and lance. So he crept back, facing the risk of being killed or recaptured. He recovered both horse and lance and galloped away. The horse was killed by a shot from an outpost. From his lance Tchumakoff would not be parted.